

Life on the Bayou

The grey pelican in a blue sky,
An orange sunset before the black of night,
The green cyprus swamp with the trees that reach high,
This is the life on the bayou.

The cattails sway gently in the breeze,
Lake Pontchartrain's waves roll with ease,
A long dirt road, covered with trees,
This is the life on the bayou.

A red drum jumping through the air,
A flock of ducks flying without a care,
A water moccasin giving hunters a scare,
This is the life on the bayou.

You feel the humidity you feel the heat,
The gnats attack with no relief,
Some would leave, but our homes we keep,
This is the life on the bayou.

A powerful storm and it's all washed away,
"Louisiana is destroyed," that is what they all say,
Yet we returned, and decided to stay,
For we love our grey pelican, orange sunset, green swamps;
we love our life on the bayou.